

COMMUNITY MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN HONOR OF

MR. FELIX FULD

AT OLD FIRST CHURCH

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

FEBRUARY FIFTH

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE



Felix Fuld

926000

N.J.
BF956P

OPENING ADDRESS

REVEREND WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES, D.D., LL.D.

MY FRIENDS: We have gathered here tonight to pay our respects to the memory of a great and noble citizen, the late Mr. Felix Fuld.

In accordance with the well-known modesty of his character, the services which attended his untimely death were private. It occurred to myself and my colleagues, the officers of this historic church which has been so fully identified with the history of Newark, that it would be exceedingly appropriate for us to offer the use of the church for a non-sectarian memorial service for our distinguished fellow citizen. When the matter was broached to Mrs. Fuld, she very graciously consented to overcome her feeling of diffidence and to permit us to undertake such a service, in view of the widespread expressions of esteem and sorrow which had been made upon the occasion of Mr. Fuld's lamented death.

In consequence, I took the liberty of inviting the representative citizens whose names appear upon the memorial program in your hands to unite with me in forming a committee to carry out the proposed memorial service. Their sincere and sympathetic cooperation and the deep interest of the entire community have made this unique service so noteworthy and so memorable.

It is not to be my privilege to speak at any length concerning the one whose loss we mourn. That high task is reserved for those distinguished citizens whom I am now to have the honor to present to you.

PRAYER OF INVOCATION

THE RIGHT REVEREND WILSON R. STEARLY, D.D.

O GOD, Who through the prophets and sages hast taught us the law of righteousness, and set within our hearts the spirit of loving kindness, we give Thee thanks for the noble and good among the sons of men. We remember before Thee this night the wise of every land and age; the teachers of mankind and all those who have resisted falsehood and wrong. We remember before Thee those who have labored and suffered for freedom, good government and just laws; those who have sought to bless men by their charity, their labor and sacrifice in good works; and to lighten the dark places of the earth. We bless Thy name for those who have been true and brave in all times and places, and who in the world's common ways have lived upright and helpful lives.

And we give Thee thanks this night for the life and example of Thy servant whom we here commemorate. Diligent in business, careful in word, honorable in deed; reaching forward to things before, wise in counsel, observant of good endeavor; just in dealing, encouraging in undertaking, challenging to larger things; patient in suffering, uncomplaining in trial, cheerful in companionship, inspirer to great enterprises for the good of men, supporter of every endeavor to lighten burdens, striving in the common life to make crooked paths straight and rough places smooth; a giver of princely spirit, a living embodiment of the grace of charity, foremost among those who love their fellow men; for him and for all he was we lift our hearts in thanksgiving and praise.

Prayer of Invocation

We give thanks to Thee, O God, Who hast put so much of grace and truth into the life and personality of one of Thy children. And we pray Thee that having his good example in remembrance we may learn to walk in the way of righteousness he trod, and to cherish in our hearts the spirit of loving kindness which was all his glory.

Bless the people of our city and community whom he so greatly loved; give to us sound manners, good customs and high ideals; let the memory of this Thy servant abide in our hearts, helping us to build the spiritual city with strength and beauty and blessing for every man.

Send Thy spirit of truth and wisdom to abide with us in this gathering, that rejoicing in the richness of our heritage in the memory of Thy servant, we may be bound together in strong bonds of brotherhood, in holy endeavors toward noble and spacious living, in continual remembrance of the sorrows of the suffering and needy, and in faithful efforts to find the secret and the joy of life in self-forgetting ministry to the sons of men.

And now, O God, accept the adoration of our hearts and listen to our petitions, as in the words Thy servant hath taught us, we say:

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

FELIX FULD, THE CITIZEN

THE HONORABLE JEROME T. CONGLETON

I SUPPOSE there is no one in this vast audience but that has been deeply moved by the generous tributes that have already been poured out in loving memory of Felix Fuld—that noble soul, that great citizen and loyal friend, who has lately passed to the silent majority. To be present upon such an occasion as this to represent the city officially is indeed an honor. I regret only my inability to place in living words the magnanimous thoughts which can alone describe so marvelous a man.

You have been good enough to request me to speak to you of Felix Fuld the citizen; to draw out for you some of the lessons to be learned from his busy life. It is indeed well so to do. I venture to say that as we travel down the years Felix Fuld will be remembered best because of his wondrous kindness of heart, his keen sense of civic responsibility, rather than because of any other of those remarkable qualities which he possessed. And a day or so ago, as I sat thinking of the great loss which this community has suffered, some lines of Sir William Jones kept running through my mind. I want to take a moment or two and read them to you. They reveal, I think, the reason for our being gathered here tonight.

“What constitutes a State? Not high-raised ’buttment,
Leveled mound, thick walls and moated gate.
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not vast and broad armed ports, rich navies left to scorn;
But men, *high-minded men*, men who their duties know,
And knowing, dare maintain. These constitute a State.”

Felix Fuld, the Citizen

According to the poet, then, *high-mindedness* is the most desirable element to be found in any community, plus courage to shoulder and put into effect the duties and responsibilities which that high-mindedness reveals. After long years of acquaintanceship with him whose memory we have come here to honor, who will gainsay the statement that no nobler, purer, no more beautifully idealistic character ever breathed than Felix Fuld? His whole life was one of practical service; he was filled with an ever-ready desire to help those less fortunate than himself. High-mindedness ran through his thoughts and works as runs a golden thread through some exquisite fabric. It radiated from him as does the fragrance from some delicate flower when touched by the morning sun.

Not only was Felix Fuld a high-minded man, but was he not also a man of unerring *vision*? No idle dreamer, no vain theorist he, but a practical idealist. Doubtless few remember now the modest building on Market Street in which he and his partners opened up their business way back in 1893. It was vision which caused him to leave New York and journey to New Jersey, here to locate in a city which was but a village in comparison with the great metropolis. It was vision which gave him the courage to implant himself on Market Street at a time when Broad Street was the business thoroughfare of the day. Is it too much to say that the ornate and stately structure which today graces our city is but the product of a wish, a dream, a plan conceived and envisioned long years before the reality confronted us? Felix Fuld was indeed a man of vision. His loss, for that reason, is all the harder to endure. Today, more perhaps than at any time in its history, Newark needs “men of vision, with their feet on the ground.”

Felix Fuld, the Citizen

Then, too, I want you to think of his unselfishness, his generosity, his liberality. In the midst of an active life he seemed ever ready to give of his time and means to any worthwhile endeavor. His heart was open to all. Church and synagogue, hospital and museum, gymnasium and camp, all were objects for his benefactions. Jewish relief, community chest, disabled veterans, even far-off Palestine, felt his open-handed bounty. Yet with it all he ever maintained a gentle modesty and a charming simplicity which endeared him to all who knew him. The same unselfish spirit which radiated from him in life has glorified him in death. The will of Felix Fuld must remain for all time as a monument to men of the Jewish race and forever hush into silence those, if such there be, who question whether men of foreign birth can grasp the spirit of America.

So might I go on and couple with this rare assemblage of qualities a passionate love of home and of family, a genius for friendship, a massive foundation of religious faith which made him one of the most illustrious citizens to be found within our midst. His life is simply a great, illuminating allegory of energy, foresight and unselfishness, showing forth within itself and in his utterances the high doctrine that undying fame and service may be rendered more enduring by integrity and devotion than by eloquence or superhuman gifts. Other men have been more powerful, other men have been monarchs of finance and industry, other men have piled wealth as high as the heavens themselves. They have left no lasting memory in their train. They used their power and means not to uplift but to oppress mankind.

A time like this is tinged with sorrowful reflection. We miss the familiar form, the kindly voice, yet withal he lives and will continue to live in the memory and gratitude

Felix Fuld, the Citizen

of the wise and good, as an example of noble citizenship, as a benefactor of his fellow men.

"His task is done—nobly, worthily done. Tomorrow we shall follow him, the honored citizen, the beloved friend. Who does not feel that no more rugged character, no warmer, kindlier, no more gentle soul is left among living men?"

FELIX FULD, THE MAN OF AFFAIRS

HON. EDWARD D. DUFFIELD

I CONSIDER it a great honor to be given the opportunity of publicly expressing the high regard and deep affection that I had for Felix Fuld, and yet by reason of the fact that I was privileged to have had a somewhat close association with him, ripening into a warm friendship, I realize that anything I can say tonight will be inadequate to convey the loss which the City of Newark and this vicinity has sustained by his untimely death. The time has been too short, the blow has come with too stunning force for us yet to estimate what Felix Fuld meant to this community. We can only begin to realize what he was when we begin to understand what we have lost. We do not yet realize that the dark day is not again to be lightened by his cheerful smile, that the hard task is not again to be made easy by his friendly helpfulness, that the next enterprise having for its object civic welfare must proceed without the impulse of his energizing enthusiasm.

But we do grasp one fact: that a great man lived with us, worked with us, strove with us and is with us no more. This meeting of itself evidences that fact. It is a unique occasion. I doubt if from the time the early fathers first founded this historic church there has been a similar gathering here under similar conditions. We have met here to give public expression to our grief when some great national leader has been taken from us and we desired to indicate the extent of our loss. We have met here when someone holding high public office has been taken and we have left wondering who would guide the destinies of our state or our city. But this man never

Felix Fuld, the Man of Affairs

aspired to public office. This man lived a life simple, modest, unassuming. This man walked the streets shoulder to shoulder with us, stood by us as one of us, without seeking distinction, without claiming honor, satisfied to have for his reward the mere satisfaction of duty well performed, a life well lived, happiness scattered to others with unselfish hands. He sought only wider fields of usefulness. His ambition was not for self but to utilize the life that was his in order that a broader and wider life might come to those with whom he came in daily contact.

So it is well that we have met here tonight in this gathering of all kinds and creeds to honor the memory of a man who loved men not because they were of this sect or that, not because of their station in life, but loved men because of the deep stream of humanity that entered into his soul and brought to him a realization of that brotherhood of man that brings together men under the sight of a common Father. The very simplicity of his character makes difficult a true estimate of his work.

I am asked to speak to you upon him as a man of affairs. It is a difficult task. I never thought of Felix Fuld as the successful man of business, as the merchant prince, as the man who had achieved unparalleled success in the business which he had selected. I always thought of him as the warm, loving friend, as the good citizen, as the man devoted to humanity, who struggled for the common weal and the common good—and yet, my friends, without belittling those wonderful philanthropies that have made his name conspicuous in this community, I am wondering if, after all, the greatest gift that Felix Fuld gave to the City of Newark was not that which he gave by his standing here as a successful man of business, and whether the greatest bequest that he has given to this

city was not the example that he left to us of what a man of affairs should be in a great, busy metropolitan city like this, because he brought to that business of his certain elemental principles which it might be well for us to give thought to for a moment this evening.

He had outstanding integrity. It would be as unthinkable for Felix Fuld to have resorted to sharp practice and crooked dealing as it would be for the magnetic needle to fail to point to the magnetic pole. In a day when some things are thought smart, when some practices are treated with excuse providing they produce success, no man ever questioned his integrity. With him honesty was not the best policy; honesty was an instinct, and he could no more have deviated from that than he could have failed to breathe the air in which he lived. He lived a life so clean, so straightforward, so honest, that men never questioned the fairness of his dealing. His word was as good as his bond, ah, better than a written bond, because an obligation once assumed was not only discharged to the letter, but met to the fullness of implication. What a heritage he left to hold up to the young men—aye, and the old men—of this city that a business man succeeding as he had succeeded lived the life he lived in which the outstanding characteristics of honesty, integrity and square dealing were the conspicuous factors in the success which he had won.

I think he had a further conception of the obligation of a business man. He recognized the fact that success in business entailed responsibility. We are too prone to find in civil and civic affairs men engaged in active business pursuits too busy to aid the needy, too busy to engage in that enterprise which means for civic betterment and human helpfulness, too busy to remedy conditions in civic life which need the aid and assistance of those who

might be termed our better citizens. No man ever came to Felix Fuld with a suggestion that he could help in any movement tending to the betterment and uplifting of this city and had a deaf ear turned to him. He was a busy man, but not too busy to help the needy; he was a busy man, but not too busy to heed the call of friendliness; he was a busy man, but not too busy to give his time and his effort unstintingly to aid any movement having for its accomplishment the benefit of humanity.

He was unselfish. No thought of self ever tintured the acquisition of wealth by Felix Fuld. The success that came to him merely furnished a wider opportunity for helpfulness. He sought success, but sought it not as an end but as a means to an end, sought it because of the fact that, attaining it, he recognized the obligations that rested upon him as a successful man, and without thought of personal aggrandizement, with an unostentatiousness that was conspicuous of his very being, he utilized that success not for private gain but for public good.

Then, above all, there was the humanity of the man. Ask those who were associated with him as co-workers whether the human side of business did not appeal to Felix Fuld. In the association which I had with him in business, he came to the problems which presented themselves upon the human side with a keenness of interest, with a desire to benefit those who were engaged in daily toil, with a willingness to give of his time and his effort and his strength in order to make easier the life that was hard, in order to make smoother the path that was rough, in order to make better the life that was being lived about him.

So, my friends, we have this successful business man who evidenced in his career integrity, responsibility, unselfishness and humanity. Is not that a heritage to leave

Felix Fuld, the Man of Affairs

to our community? Is not that an example to hold up to our people for emulation? Is not that something that we as a community can treasure, that Felix Fuld once lived in our midst and was a part of us and lived the life that we come here tonight to honor? He is gone—but he has left us a heritage to carry on in the years to come.

What shall be his monument? Will it be that great institution that is largely due to his business acumen and skill? Will it be those hospitals ministering to the needs of humanity to which he contributed so generously? Will it be those charitable institutions which were founded largely through his efforts and maintained through his ability and skill? All these are his monuments, and yet it seems to me that beyond and outside of them, and more enduring than all will be the great example that he has left us of how a life may be lived, of what usefulness it may consist, of showing how a plain, everyday citizen may affect the life of a great community such as this. That, it seems to me, is the heritage that we may claim from him here tonight. This community has been honored by many great citizens; we have given of our sons to the nation and to the state; but in the years to come, no name upon that roster of great names will more endure in the hearts of men than will the name of this merchant, this plain American citizen, this man who was the companion of us all, Felix Fuld.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

FELIX FULD, PHILANTHROPIST

RABBI SOLOMON FOSTER

LIKE a skilful mariner who looks to the stars as a guide to steer a course through the indistinguishable waters, Felix Fuld, Newark's incomparable philanthropist, steadily gazing at mankind's gleaming ideals and glowing hopes, charted a passage through the tides of life that earned for him the world's gratitude and established his best claim to enduring greatness. The external signs and symbols of citizenship, business and social associations, by which we identify our fellow beings are far less significant and trustworthy as credentials of permanent human worth than the pulsations of the heart, vibrating with sympathy and love for the fellow man. The work man does, the wage man earns, the place man holds, only partially and for a day differentiate the children of earth. But the help which the kind hand bestows, the hope which the benevolent eye generates, the happiness which the generous heart and understanding mind create, transform the crudities and vanities of earth into the verities and realities of Heaven, lifting sorrow-laden, pain-stricken, poverty-burdened dwellers of earth to the rank of aspiring and heroic human beings made in the image of God, with a Godlike destiny.

The philanthropist offers indisputable proof that life is more than physical satisfactions; personality is more than a ganglion of automatic reactions; humanity is more than a mob of brainless mechanisms. The philanthropist reechoes the voice of divinity in the heart, reflects a ray of eternity in the mind, registers a cosmic formula in the

soul. If only for a fleeting moment and on so shifting a scene, how pleasing it is to be assured that humanitarianism really helps make man seem little lower than an angel. Deeply imbedded in the soul of man, again we see exemplified, is an urge to altruistic relationships. A glorious function of the mind, now we have no further doubt, is the recognition of human brotherhood. The heart vibrates in tune with the infinite, it is given us here to realize, when it sympathizes with the weak, feels the burdens of the handicapped and shares with others the blessings of earth.

The philanthropist is the universal citizen who with the aid of sympathetic imagination penetrates to the depths of troubled minds, travels to the recesses of distracted hearts, and lingers in the solitudes of tormented souls, for the love of his fellow beings. Since suffering constitutes so large a part of our life, the philanthropist who throws the line of hope to a struggling brother is, therefore, one of the most beloved of mortals. The captain of industry, the conquering warrior, the resourceful trader, the clever statesman and all the other human agents receive appropriate homage from their fellows, but the philanthropist, next to the prophet and sage, is known widest and loved best because sympathy and service arouse the heart to the quickest and warmest reactions.

Felix Fuld was loved by all classes and creeds in our community, because he had acquired a veritable habit of responding to every worthy appeal. The first to give and the first to help persuade others to give, were characteristics which could be predicted as his certain reactions to meritorious movements. Nor was he ever known to have given less than the cause deserved, according to his challenging judgment, searching inquiry and eager helpfulness, all of which traits were listed by the great Jewish

philosopher, Maimonides, as rungs on the golden ladder of charity.

The magnitude of his private and unrecorded benevolences can be imagined only by observing the thousands of eyes that fill with tears at the mention of his name and by contemplating the despair written on the countenances of leaders accustomed to count on his aid to administer our philanthropic institutions or to create new welfare agencies.

Beyond the confines of our city and state, and far overseas, in generous measure his bounties reached. With the prayers of many thousands of victims of flood, famine and plague, his name has frequently been raised to our Heavenly Father in praise and thankfulness. From the beneficiaries of his gifts to education, rehabilitation and social welfare in many lands, for Jew and non-Jew alike, often came sincere expressions of love and appreciation for one with such a surpassingly kindly and understanding nature.

His benevolences were sustained and constant, not occasional and intermittent, that did a double good: by their regularity and dependability they reflected the law of God; by their impartiality and sufficiency they enheartened the forlorn and unfortunate.

Like Homer of old, for the honor of whose birth seven cities made competing claims, now each of seven or more departments of philanthropy boast the special interest and personal preference of Felix Fuld. But the test to determine the field or form of service that he loved best has been fortunately buried with him. Every form of human welfare, every opportunity of benevolence, every worthy measure of prevention and constructive work promising peace, happiness and progress for his fellow

beings appealed to his vibrant spirit and won his hearty support.

Here is a dynamic example that well might be imitated by all who possess more of this earth's benefits than their own needs require. Before it is too late, let rich men choose the monument that shall mark the scene of their life, a smile or a sneer at the mention of their name. Here is a stimulating influence that demonstrated the joy of giving while alive by actually participating in the thrill of conquering pain, relieving poverty and curbing crime. While it is yet time, let millionaires comprehend that there is less of wisdom, goodness and satisfaction in getting than in spending their fortunes. Here is the urge of a soul whose sense of justice prompted well planned and liberal benefactions to anticipate the happiness of coming generations. Here is the only respectable pledge and certain guarantee of the safe stewardship of wealth, unless men and women of means court a double grave; the tomb that will hold the earthly remains and the blank page in history intended for honored names.

Unto each of us who knew and loved Felix Fuld there comes reflected glory. In our appreciation of his life and work we dare not tolerate low and selfish aims. The response we shall make to the heritage of his good deeds will measure our own worthiness to receive and our wisdom to distribute God's blessings.

The earth is marked in places by notable phenomena, it may be a medicinal spring, a beautiful fall, a lovely lake, a magnificent mountain, a fine grove, an exquisite landscape, a gorgeous canyon, which are the prized possessions of the regions in which they are found. Here we have had a type of man that was a noble product of our age and community. Even more significant for our social welfare than the marvels in nature has been the

presence of a human creation such as Felix Fuld, who embodied so many splendid traits and rendered so many striking services that proclaim him a princely humanitarian. His name and influence shall be our challenge, our hope and our blessing.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

RABBI JULIUS SILBERFELD

WE THANK Thee, O Lord, for the blessing and inspiration of this solemn hour, which demonstrates one of the noblest traits of humanity: its loyalty and faithfulness to the departed. We are grateful for the blessed influence of the life of Felix Fuld, which gave concrete evidence that Thy divine spirit dwelleth in the consciousness of man, if he but heed its lofty monition; that though the span of life is very brief, it is long enough to do good, to practice kindness, to love mercy. Such a life is the most effective answer to the insidious agitation of bigotry, prejudice and intolerance. It was Thy spirit, O Lord, that prompted Felix Fuld to consecrate his allotted years on earth to the service of his fellow men, to perform acts of benevolence and philanthropy towards all Thy creatures. His life was a glorification of Thy holy name, and his death exemplified the declaration of the ancient sages of Israel: "The death of the righteous acts as an atonement," as a medium of reconciliation and harmony among the children of men. May the memory of such a life serve as an incentive to the living to emulate his illustrious example, and may it inspire us all to dedicate ourselves, like Felix Fuld, to the highest service of humanity, and we shall thus deserve that the threefold priestly benediction may become verified in us: "May the Lord bless you and keep you; may the Lord let His countenance shine upon you and be gracious unto you; may the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and grant you peace." Amen.

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